THE

# BIRTH AND TRIUMPH

OF

# L O V E.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.

THE

# BIRTH AND TRIUMPH

OF

# L O V E.

A

# POEM.

By Sir JAMES BLAND BURGES, Bart.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH,

FOR T. EGERTON, WHITEHALL; AND SOLD BY HIM AND P. W. TOMKINS,
HISTORICAL ENGRAVER TO HER MAJESTY,
NO. 49, NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCXCVI.

* PR
1271
B31b

TO

# THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

WITH the moſt lively gratitude I avail myſelf of Your Majeſty's gracious condeſcenſion, and exult in the permiſſion of dedicating this work to Your Majeſty, whoſe whole conduct has

A evinced

789592

evinced to the world the beſt Triumph of Virtuous Love, the moſt pure and perfect Model of Conjugal Affection.

Permit me, Madam, on this occaſion, to join my voice to that of a grateful people, who muſt ever look up with reverence and affection to Your Majeſty, whoſe Virtues and Attachment have crowned the happineſs of our beloved Monarch. While we feel the bleſſings of His beneficent Reign, we unite in a ſincere and fervent Prayer, that your Majeſties may long, very long, continue to enjoy the greateſt felicity

which

which Royalty can beſtow---the Conſcioufneſs of having by Your Examples promoted the Cauſe of Virtue.

I have the honour to be with the moſt profound reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Majeſty's

moſt obliged,

moſt faithful and

moſt devoted Servant,

JAMES BLAND BURGES.

THE Plan of this Work is taken from a Series of Plates, entitled " The Birth and Triumph of Cupid," and publiſhed by Mr. Tomkins, Hiſtorical Engraver to Her Majeſty. The ſuperior merit of that performance is ſufficiently known and acknowledged. Nothing can ſurpaſs the Delicacy of the Idea on which it is founded, or the Elegance of the Manner in which it is executed. Whatever therefore of imperfection may be found in the preſent work muſt be attributed ſolely to him, who has ventured upon a taſk ſo arduous as that of preſuming to illuſtrate ſuch a Model. The Writer of it however truſts, that it's Tendency will apologize for any errors which may be found in it; and, in that confidence, he ſubmits it with deference to the judgement of the Public.

## ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE PUBLISHER.

IT was very much the Publiſher's wiſh, that the Engravings on which this Work is founded ſhould have accompanied the whole of the preſent impreſſion; as they would mutually have illuſtrated each other, and as conſequently the value of this publication would have been greatly enhanced. But, as it would thus have been rendered far too expenſive for general circulation, he is induced to hope, that thoſe perſons, who may be inclined to bind up the Plates with this Work, will apply for them, either to himſelf, or to Mr. Tomkins, Engraver to Her Majeſty, in New Bond Street, who has prepared a number of fine impreſſions of a proper ſize for that purpoſe.

## DIRECTIONS FOR BINDING THE PLATES.

### CANTO I.


| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1. | Birth | Stanza 8 | Page | 5 |
| 2. | Going alone | 12 | | 7 |
| 3. | Finds his Bow and Arrow | 25 | | 13 |
| 4. | Trying his Arrow | 26 | | 14 |
| 5. | Dreams there is a World | 29 | | 15 |
| 6. | Going in Search of the World | 41 | | 21 |
| 7. | Alighting on the World | 50 | | 26 |


### CANTO II.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 8. | Mistakes his Mark | 12 | 33 |
| 9. | In Vexation breaks his Bow | 14 | 34 |
| 10. | Meets a Heart | 18 | 36 |
| 11. | Weeps for the Loss of his Bow and Arrow | 22 | 38 |
| 12. | His Arms restored | 26 | 40 |
| 13. | Sharpening his Arrow | 26 | 40 |
| 14. | Stringing his Bow | 26 | 40 |
| 15. | Returning Thanks | 28 | 41 |
| 16. | Arrives at the Hill of Difficulty | 31 | 42 |
| 17. | Turns away in Despair | 39 | 46 |
| 18. | Meets with Hope | 40 | 47 |
| 19. | Ascends the Hill with Hope | 47 | 50 |
| 20. | Resting on Hope strikes the Hearts | 49 | 51 |
| 21. | Offering up the Hearts | 51 | 52 |
| 22. | Uniting the Hearts | 55 | 54 |
| 23. | Preparing for Triumph | 61 | 57 |
| 24. | Triumphant | 62 | 58 |

THE

# BIRTH AND TRIUMPH

OF

# LOVE.

## CANTO I.

I.

OF Love I ſing---not of that treacherous Boy
To whom the impure Venus erſt gave birth,
Whoſe venomed ſhafts empoiſon mortal joy,
Confounding Honour, Virtue, Rank and Worth;
Whoſe midnight orgies ſtamp on lawleſs mirth
The forged image of celeſtial pleaſure,
Drawing from heaven the ſoul of man to earth,
With foul alloy debaſing pureſt treaſure---
That Boy, and that Boy's deeds ſhall not pollute my meaſure!

II.

But Thee I ſing, thou firſt great work of Heaven!
Pure Emanation of th' Eternal Mind!
Who, ere an impulſe to our orb was given,
To guide th' unerring fabric waſt deſigned.
Thee in each age and every clime we find,
From Zembla's froſt to Afric's burning zone,
With Nature's laws and Nature's works combined;
Thy power in all created things is ſhewn,
And in the virtuous heart is fixed thy laſting throne.

III.

I aſk no Muſe's aid thy deeds to ſing,
Nor court in idle ſtrain the tuneful Nine:
He little needs the Heliconian Spring,
Who owns the influence of Thy power divine.
Oh with thy ſacred touch my heart refine!
Oh warm my ſoul with thy celeſtial ray!
Let Judgement, Fancy, Truth and Wit combine,
To tune my lyre and modulate my lay,
And grace the Tribute which to Virtuous Love I pay.

What

IV.

What mortal eye can view the ſtretch of Space?
What mortal thought Eternity can ſpan?
God's boundleſs works no human power can trace,
Nor may th' Almighty's acts be judged by Man.
Beyond our feeble reach is Heaven's great plan:
Still more beyond it is th' Eſſential Cauſe,
Who lived ere yet or Time or Space began,
Whoſe power and wiſdom know no bounds nor pauſe,
But whoſe Eternal will preſides o'er Nature's laws.

V.

For Man ſuch contemplations are not made:
To bleſs th' Effect is all His powers can claim.
If, when he views th' Almighty's hand diſplayed,
His labouring breaſt beats high with grateful flame,
If he adores his Maker's ſacred name,
And bows in humble adoration low,
Confeſſing whence ſuch mighty bleſſings came;
And if his Deeds his mind's conviction ſhew---
Then has Man ſurely learned the utmoſt Man can know.

VI.

And ſhall we not the great Effect declare?
And ſhall we not th' Eternal's goodneſs ſing?
Ariſe, my Soul! the grateful Song prepare,
The heart's triumphant homage gladly bring.
From Empyrean Heaven on Seraph's wing
Let Angels waft to nature's verge the ſound;
O'er Night's dark empire and Day's gladſome ſpring
Let the full choir proclaim to worlds around
" Creation's firſt great work the Birth of Love has crowned."

VII.

Thrice hail the happy moment, when on high
The ſovereign voice pronounced the bleſt decree:
Shouts of angelic triumph rent the ſky,
And loud proclaimed th' approaching myſtery;
The hoſts of heaven tranſported bent the knee,
And ſilent waited the eventful hour,
When from th' eternal Fiat they ſhould ſee
Thro' boundleſs ſpace a new creation tower,
And unknown worlds ſubmit to Love's directing power.

Wondering

VIII.

Wondering they ſaw a diſtant Vapour riſe
Thro' the clear regions of immortal day;
They viewed it mounting to the midway ſkies,
And thick condenſing hold it's deſtined way:
Till, felt the influence of the plaſtic ray,
Strait was it's ſize enlarged, more bright its hue;
All Nature ſmiled, the face of Heaven was gay,
When off to air diſſolved the vapour flew,
And the young Cherub Love ſtood firſt confeſſed to view.

IX.

Ah! who can tell the charms of Infant Love!
His mild tranſporting beauties who can ſpeak!
The Lilly's white, the ſoftneſs of the Dove,
The Roſe's bluſh compared, are poor and weak.
Immortal traits to ſing the Bard ſhould ſeek
Immortal aid; Love's hand alone can trace
Love's charms: the Front ſerene, the dimpled Cheek,
The ſoul-expreſſive Eye, the jocund Face,
And every Limb impreſſed with elegance and grace.

Awhile,

X.

Awhile, as if entranced, he gazed around:
He moved, and Heaven with unknown radiance gleamed;
He ſpoke, and liſtening Angels hailed the ſound;
He ſmiled, and univerſal Nature beamed.
By Infant Love ſubdued Creation ſeemed:
And Time tranſported all his power confeſſed;
Of preſent joys and future bliſs he dreamed,
Of conſtant hearts with laſting union bleſſed;
Then fondly claſped the Cherub to his glowing breaſt.

XI.

As, when from parent fountain firſt diſcharged,
The ſilver Thames purſues his new-born courſe,
His narrow pebbly bed with ruſhes marged
Scarce feels the influence of his humid ſource;
He, as he onward rolls, acquires new force,
His ample current proud thro' meads to guide,
And 'twixt his banks to keep a wide divorce;
While Britain's ſons to his expanſe confide
Britannia's bulwarks and her merchants' pride.

Thus

## XII.

Thus feeble were at firſt the powers of Love.
His ſoft round limbs had yet to learn their uſe:
If latent vigour prompted him to move,
He felt his infant legs their aid refuſe.
But falls on æther could not much miſuſe
Ætherial ſubſtance: quickly ſtronger grown,
No more his weak attempts his hopes abuſe;
With native grace his playful tricks are ſhewn,
He tries---he ſteps---he ſhouts to find he goes alone.

## XIII.

Pure ſilvery curls his poliſhed forehead deck,
Skirt his encrimſoned cheeks with modeſt grace,
And hang enamoured o'er his ivory neck:
The ſmile of extacy illumes his face;
His looks, his ſteps, proclaim his heavenly race;
While the bright luſtre of his liquid eye
Inſidious tempts the fond regard to trace
The thouſand charms which there in ambuſh lie---
To catch one bliſsful glance, then pine, perhaps, and die.

But

XIV.

But his free ſpirit no ſuch perils feared;
Gaily he tript, around diffuſing joy:
Where e'er he turned, the face of heaven was cheered,
And ſportive Cherubs flocked to join the Boy.
He taught the day in freſh delights t' employ:
Now, to outſtrip fleet Time he'd ſhew his powers;
And then, with playful wantonneſs, decoy
Thro' many an artful maze the roſy Hours,
To weave with him the dance beneath celeſtial bowers.

XV.

Such were the paſtimes of his earlier days.
Such paſtimes well his earlier days became:
For ſtill the Soul the Body's growth obeys;
Still to innocuous mirth Youth lays a claim.
Then ſeek not Youth to Age's laws to tame!
Spring's genial warmth may cauſe the ſap to flow,
And Summer's ſun the well-formed maſs may frame;
But 'tis for Autumn ripened fruits to ſhew.
The courſe of nature ſtill is regular and ſlow.

When

## XVI.

When heedleſs Infancy to Youth gave way,
His Mind expanded as his Body grew.
To ſportive gambol and diſcurſive play
No more with eager appetite he flew:
They wore no longer novelty's freſh hue;
The airy phantoms of the hour were flown.
To taſte the evening's calm or morning's dew,
Far from his feſtive bands he'd ſtray alone,
And ſigh he knew not why for bliſſes yet unknown.

## XVII.

Oft, when his labouring boſom panted high,
The tear of tranſport would his eye ſuffuſe;
Half-faſhioned forms would o'er his fancy fly,
And joys uncertain his fond ſoul confuſe.
Nor did he ſoon the ſtrong impreſſion loſe.
Half pleaſed, half wondering, would the anxious boy
On the gay ſcenes around him penſive muſe:
But ah! no more they filled his breaſt with joy;
He nothing ſaw which might his riſing powers employ.

XVIII.

Oft, as reflecting on th' eventful change,
And wondering ſtill from whence it might ariſe,
His active mind o'er nature's works would range
With taſteleſs apathy and mute ſurprize.
In vain to fix his wandering ſoul he tries;
In vain he liſtens to the tuneful choir,
Or marks th' harmonious ſyſtem of the ſkies:
To more congenial bliſs his thoughts aſpire,
Where conſentaneous ſouls unite with fond deſire.

XIX.

Ah! how ſublime the Power that rules the will
In ſtrong obedience to His high beheſt,
Who nature leads His dictates to fulfil,
And ſtamps His precepts on the conſcious breaſt!
Who leads the Eagle to his craggy neſt,
And guides the Sea-Fowl thro' it's trackleſs flight
Secure in tempeſts and 'midſt horrors bleſt!
By whom inſtructed prowls the Bird of Night,
And taught by whom the Lark ſalutes returning light!

Nor

## XX.

Nor leſs did Love His genial guidance know.
His opening ſoul received th' inſpiring ray,
Felt the new animating tranſport flow,
And learned th' inſtinctive impulſe to obey:
He panted to aſſert his deſtined ſway,
And o'er wide ſpace his influence to impart.
Proceed we now to ſing his great eſſay,
When led by power divine his matchleſs art
Sought, won, and triumphed o'er the Human Heart.

## XXI.

The great Creator, who the Impulſe plants,
The Means of it's direction ne'er denies:
Our Powers he well proportions to our wants,
And to fulfil his purpoſe Force ſupplies.
Then let us bow to Him, all good, all wiſe,
Who taught young Love to guide his wiſhes weak,
And gave the Arms by which he gained his prize:
Nor deem the Song too bold, which dares to ſeek
In humble verſe ſuch awful myſteries to ſpeak.

XXII.

As thro' the azure fields of heaven's domain
He bent his courſe, deep muſing as he ſtrayed,
His teeming boſom filled with anxious pain
How the ſtrong impulſe might be beſt obeyed,
Two unknown Forms before him were diſplayed,
Smooth gliding thro' the bright expanſe of ſky,
In all the rainbow's gorgeous tints arrayed:
Suſpended for a while, and poiſed on high,
By ſlow degrees they ſink, till at his feet they lie.

XXIII.

The one a ſtrange fantaſtic ſhape appeared,
Which from its centre inward ſeemed to bend,
The while, as if too cloſe a touch it feared,
It backward ſtrove to turn at either end,
Unheedful of what thence was ſeen t'append
In guiſe of Cord, which playing looſely waved
In the cool gales that thro' heaven's courts aſcend:
On either ſide, and all around, engraved
Were ſeen myſterious ſymbols of free hearts enſlaved.

Th'

## XXIV.

Th' attendant Form, which by the other lay,
Seem'd ſtill more ſtrange in all it's properties.
It's taper length, ſtraight as a ſolar ray,
Was ſhaped at either end in different wiſe:
At one, with plumes arrayed of luſt'rous dies,
And tints as various as the morning dew
Ere into vapour drawn it mounting flies;
While th' other, tipped with ore of burniſhed hue,
From barbed baſe to point acutely leſſening drew.

## XXV.

Love ſaw them fall, and ſtood in mute amaze,
Uncertain what they were, or whence aroſe
The ſtranger Forms: nor did he tire to gaze;
For now his heart the Secret 'gan diſcloſe,
And trace the cauſe of all his former throes:
He hoped that Fate would now propitious grow,
Nor more the object of his birth oppoſe.
Swiftly he caught them up, reſolved to ſhew
How Love could well employ his Arrow and his Bow.

He

XXVI.

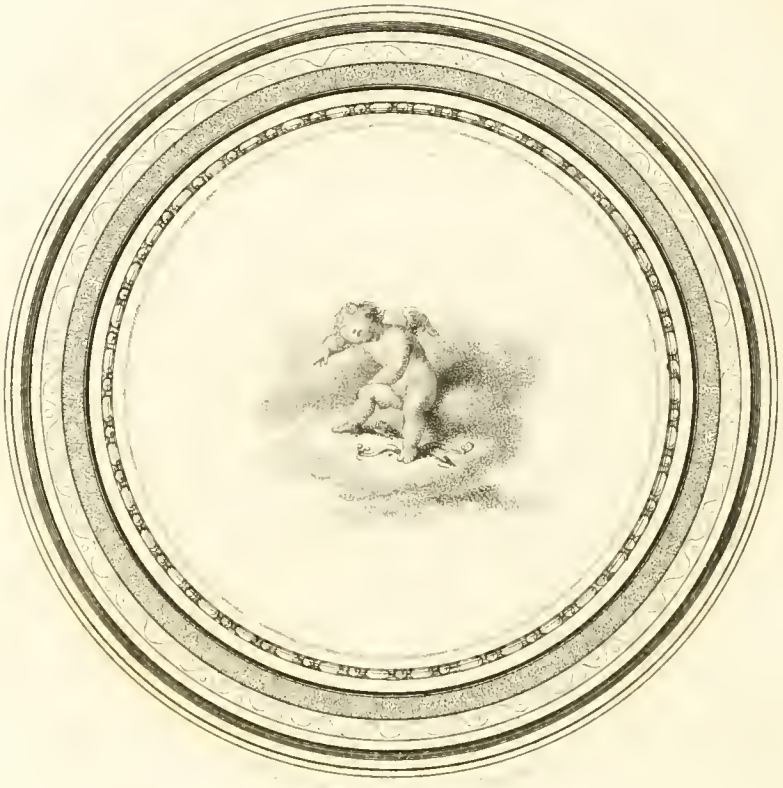
He twanged the Cord, the pliant Bow he bent,
And poiſed the Arrow in his ready hand;
As if employed on ſome ſublime intent
His new-found Arms with earneſtneſs he ſcanned,
Yet wanted ſkill their uſes to command.
Now, as to conqueſt would he proudly go;
Now, ſtopping ſhort, in mute ſuſpenſe would ſtand:
Unconſcious yet of Object or of Foe,
Still his uncertain ſteps his mind's diſquiet ſhew.

XXVII.

As the tall Ship, 'though framed with wond'rous art
O'er ocean's deep abyſs ſublime to glide,
Ne'er can in ſafety from it's port depart,
Or o'er the foaming waves majeſtic ride,
Until the Pilot's ſkill it's motions guide:
So, tho' to action doubly now impelled,
Love felt that much remained to be ſupplied;
Fears undefined his riſing hopes repelled,
And all his fancied triumphs ſtill by doubts were quelled.

Hence

TRYING HIS ARROW



## XXVIII.

Hence learn, ye Fair! if haply in your hearts
The firſt fond impulſe of deſire ariſe,
That pureſt pleaſures are not free from ſmarts.
Ah! grow in time from Love's example wiſe:
Learn that with Paſſion's Smiles are mingled Sighs,
That ſweeteſt Roſes bear the ſharpeſt Thorn.
Watch then the ſoft impreſſions as they riſe;
To wiſdom's call attend in life's gay morn,
So ſhall Love's pureſt joys your cloudleſs day adorn.

## XXIX.

Tired by the conflict which oppreſſed his mind
Love ſought repoſe. His languid limbs outſpread
On ſoft ætherial couch, he lay reclined:
One hand a little raiſed his drooping head;
While from the other hung his Arms ſo dread,
With feeble and half-conſcious graſp retained:
But, as approaching Sleep his influence ſhed,
And o'er his frame relaxed dominion gained,
They fell, and at his feet confuſedly remained.

Sweet

XXX.

Sweet are the ſlumbers of repoſing Love.
While ſofteſt gales amidſt his treſſes play,
Sport with his curls, and o'er his forehead rove,
Light fanning Zephyrs grateful homage pay,
Diffuſing perfumes round him as he lay:
And far-revolving ſpheres, in union ſweet,
With endleſs harmony, now grave, now gay,
In wond'rous heavenly Diapaſon meet,
To lull their Maſter's ſoul and his repoſe to greet.

XXXI.

While thus he lay outſtretched in calm repoſe,
With viſions undiſturbed his ſoul was bleſt;
For from Ambroſial food no fumes aroſe
To cloud his ſenſes and diſturb his reſt,
Or the full courſe of fancy to arreſt.
His unincumbered ſpirit ranging free
Thro' nature's limits made it's ample queſt;
O'er all created things it now would flee,
Then with prophetic power unveil futurity.

He

XXXII.

He ſaw thro' lucid realms of boundleſs ſpace
Unnumbered Suns their certain courſe purſue,
Fixed by eternal laws their paths to trace,
For ever devious, yet for ever true;
While each by ſtrong Attraction's impulſe drew
A countleſs hoſt of Planets, lending light
To all in order and proportion due:
Myriads of Worlds, called by creative might
From darkneſs undefined and wide-extended night.

XXXIII.

As o'er the ſcene ſublime his fancy ran,
His aching ſenſes ſought to comprehend
Of Nature's God the great myſterious plan:
What power might all theſe floating orbs ſuſpend;
What guiding force might on their paths attend
To check and govern Gravitation's laws.
Thro' the vaſt ſyſtem as his thoughts aſcend,
They trace in all His works th' Eternal Cauſe,
Whoſe Word directs the whole, and to one centre draws.

XXXIV.

While thus he pondered in devotion loſt,
An Angel form, arrayed in pureſt light,
To his rapt ſoul appeared. Sublime he croſſed
With outſpread wing the empyrean height,
And ſeemed towards him to urge his rapid flight.
Love hailed him as he flew, nor hailed in vain:
Yet, as deſcended ſlow the Viſion bright,
The dazzling radiance ſcarce could he ſuſtain.
He felt th' Extreme of Bliſs was near allied to Pain.

XXXV.

Approaching now, with well-poiſed wing outſpread
His downward courſe the Seraph ſeemed to ſtay,
And hovered round the ſpot where Love was laid.
As when the Lark, inſpired by morning's ray,
Mounts on freſh wing to meet the new-born day,
Suſpended in mid-air, with liquid note
She pours to Nature's God the grateful lay,
With echoing hymns of praiſe ſhe ſtrains her throat,
While riſing gales to heaven the pleaſing tribute float.

With

## XXXVI.

With flight arreſted ſo the Seraph hung:
Nor leſs delightful to Love's liſtening ear
Were the firſt accents of his tuneful tongue,
While thus his hallowed words his ſpirits cheer.
" Attend, fond Boy! and Heaven's dread purpoſe hear;
" Which to diſcloſe, thro' trackleſs bounds of ſpace
" Obedient thus my willing courſe I ſteer:
" Attend, while now thy fate's decree I trace;
" Then ruſh to deſtined toils, which triumphs ſure ſhall grace.

## XXXVII.

" Born to command and guide the Human Heart,
" 'Tis thine the great adventure to atchieve,
" To mortal woes a kindly balm t' impart,
" And life's harſh pains by tranſports to relieve.
" Obſervant then the high beheſt receive.
" Where yon celeſtial Orbs their courſes run,
" Seven Planets mark, their mingled dance which weave
" In due progreſſion round their central Sun:
" Mark well the Fifth of theſe, there muſt thy taſk be done.

## XXXVIII.

" Wake, ſlumbering Boy! thy new-found Arms prepare;
" The world invites thee as it's deſtined King:
" Thither with certain confidence repair,
" And ruſh to victory with fearleſs wing."
The Seraph ceaſed.---His outſpread pinions fling
Freſh odours, and appear more dazzling bright,
When, as the air dividing, with a ſpring
He ſought the ſacred regions of delight,
Where dwells the Godhead pure, Father of life and light.

## XXXIX.

Up ſtarted Love.---His deep-ſuffuſed cheek
Confeſſed the influence of his mounting blood,
Which ruſhing thro' his veins appeared to ſeek
A courſe more rapid for it's haſtened flood.
Sublime in native majeſty he ſtood,
Surveyed his proſtrate Arms with conſcious pride
And high reſolve; no more in penſive mood,
He burned to try what perils might betide
His Enterprize ſo bold, a new-found World to guide.

As

XL.

As when the youthful Courſer firſt 'gins feel
The inborn virtue of his generous fire,
Nor biting whip he needs nor goading ſteel:
Ambitious energies his boſom fire,
No perils daunt him, and no efforts tire:
He views the diſtant goal with proud diſdain;
Already he foretaſtes with fond deſire
The glorious prize his labours muſt obtain,
The guerdon of his toil and intermediate pain.

XLI.

So felt young Love, ſo beat his panting heart,
Aſſured of conqueſt, and on fame intent;
With graceful confidence he graſped his dart,
And archly ſmiling his ſtrong bow he bent.
New-cheriſhed hope an unknown vigour lent.
His out-ſpread pinions of celeſtial dye,
With tints of varied lovelineſs beſprent
Awhile he ſhook; then mounting ſwift on high,
Exulting rode on air, and ſhot acroſs the ſky.

The

XLII.

The ſtrong impreſſions of his Dream remain.
Well knows he how his purpoſe to fulfil,
To urge his courſe along th' ætherial plain,
And bend his flight obedient to his will.
On his appointed Planet fixing ſtill
His watchful eye, thro' countleſs worlds he ſteered,
Tranſported thus to prove his new-learnt ſkill.
His little Bark no ſhoals nor tempeſts feared,
For yet no light'nings flaſhed, no thunders loud were heard.

XLIII.

As onward thus thro' heaven's wide fields he flew,
Cutting the yielding air with pinions fleet,
The Guardian Spirits of each Planet knew
Th' immortal Boy, and ruſhed his courſe to meet.
Still as he paſſed, with gratulation ſweet
They hailed the ſtranger, and with heavenly ſong
They joined the Lord of Harmony to greet.
The ample Chorus, rich, ſublime, and ſtrong,
Floats on the gale, and thro' wide ſpace is borne along.

Cheered

XLIV.

Cheered by th' attendant Choir he ſtill advanced:
And now his deſtined Planet ſeemed more near.
As o'er it's varying face his eye he glanced,
A rich ſucceſſion of delights appear.
Scarce can his ſenſe Creation's beauties bear:
For then the World was young; the vigorous Earth,
Rejoiced Spring's univerſal garb to wear,
To every flower and every fruit gave birth,
And all was Joy and Peace, Security and Mirth.

XLV.

Man was not made---Ungrateful, cruel Man!
'Though formed with powers Creation to enjoy,
To crown the great Creator's ſacred plan,
To grace and ſanctify the general joy,
Why doſt thou ſtill the genial bliſs deſtroy?
Th' appointed Maſter of all things below,
To cheriſh, not to ſpoil, thy force employ!
Ah! let thy heart with ſoft compaſſion glow,
Nor reign in ſullen ſtate kind Nature's direſt foe!

Arrived

XLVI.

Arrived within Earth's atmoſpheric bound
No more his pinions waved. His courſe direct
Now firſt Attraction's ſovereign influence found,
And Nature's Law compelled him to reſpect.
Attraction's dictates ne'er could Love neglect;
For on Attraction's power depends his own:
By that alone enabled to inflect
The courſe of wandering hearts, his ſway is ſhewn,
His Altars burn, and far translucent ſhines his Throne.

XLVII.

On Earth's revolving ball intent he gazed,
And hailed with extacy the changeful ſcene;
Wide-rolling Seas his admiration raiſed,
While lay extended Continents between,
Arrayed in tints of various brown and green,
Four widely ſevered---Europe's temperate clime,
Of arts and ſciences the deſtined queen;
Afric's wild coaſt, and Aſia's ſtretch ſublime,
And vaſt Columbia's length, concealed till future time.

Still

XLVIII.

Still more the wond'rous proſpect to improve,
In rich diſorder lay unnumbered Iſles,
O'er which his raptured eyes diſcurſive rove.
The new delight repays his paſt-gone toils,
And for the moment preſent hope beguiles.
Whate'er of beauty could his fancy draw,
Adorned with blooming lovelineſs and ſmiles
And Nature's prodigality, he ſaw:
His ſoul their charms confeſſed, and bowed with conſcious awe.

XLIX.

But ſoon, amid the widely ſcattered throng,
A far ſequeſtered Iſland met his ſight,
Againſt the adverſe coaſt embattled ſtrong,
And fenced with ramparts of portentous height,
Diſplaying to the ſun their dazzling white.
Th' inſtinctive impulſe which his courſe did guide
Now filled his boſom with a new delight,
Taught him 'twas there his powers muſt be applied,
And there his banner wave in guiltleſs conqueſt's pride.

L.

No more he balanced. To attraction's ſway
Himſelf he boldly truſts. Not ſwifter flies
From heaven to earth the bright meridian ray,
Or ſhoots the evening meteor thro' the ſkies
When vapours groſs from ſtagnant marſhes riſe.
At his approach the lovely ſcene expands;
Before him all fair Albion's beauty lies:
On a high cliff with light deſcent he lands,
And firſt on Britain's ſhores the world's great Maſter ſtands.

ALIGHTING ON THE WORLD

THE

# BIRTH AND TRIUMPH

OF

# LOVE.

## CANTO II.

I.

HIGH on a cliff, whoſe threatening brow o'erhung
Stern in majeſtic ſolitude the deep,
Young Love exulting ſtood. The babbling tongue
Of ſlow-receding waves ſeemed huſhed in ſleep,
While gentle cadence they rejoiced to keep
With the mild gale that o'er their ſurface played.
The mingled concert ſtole along the ſteep,
And, o'er repoſing nature as it ſtrayed,
Soothed the laſt lingering rays while flitting into ſhade.

II.

The diſtant hills with brightneſs ſtill were crowned,
While thin blue miſts acroſs the vallies flew,
Skirting with humid veil the teeming ground,
To meet the tribute of deſcending dew.
One general calm repoſe creation knew.
Meantime, ſlow riſing from her watery bed,
The ſilvered Moon, expanding to his view,
Her ſober light on the chaſte landſcape ſhed,
And o'er th' enchanting ſcene her placid radiance ſpread.

III.

And, ſcattered thickly o'er the wide expanſe,
Their various courſe purſuing, Orbs of light
Harmonious weave their unconfuſed dance,
Dart thro' the gloom their coruſcations bright,
Heaven's face enrich, and decorate the night.
Their great Creator's mandate they obey,
Declare his wiſdom, and proclaim his might,
While, widely ranging thro' their trackleſs way,
In ſolemn ſtate they move and orderly array.

Rapt

IV.

Rapt in ſublime delight Love wondering gazed,
In all his works confeſſing Nature's Lord.
As to his throne his grateful thoughts he raiſed,
The mighty ſource of Being he adored,
Who from wild Chaos, by his powerful word,
The maſs inert with active life endowed.
To Heaven his ſympathetic ſpirit ſoared,
Felt the full influence whence ſuch bleſſings flowed,
And loſt in ſpeechleſs extacy ſubmiſſive bowed.

V.

Now, gliding from her high exalted courſe,
Her ray oblique the Moon deſcending caſt;
Th' attendant Planets, with diminiſhed force,
Leſs brightly ſhone as thro' heaven's field they paſſed:
And now, ſoft tinging the horizon vaſt,
Th' awakening Dawn with modeſt luſtre gleamed;
Now, o'er the eaſtern hills encroaching faſt,
The jocund Day with new-born radiance beamed,
Gilded the laughing plains, and o'er the vallies ſtreamed.

And

VI.

And ſoon, his golden treſſes waving high,
The mounting Sun his dazzling orb unveiled:
From his reſplendent chamber thro' the ſky
Conſcious of proud pre-eminence he ſailed.
Enraptured Love his genial influence hailed;
And, as from Earth's wide ſurface odours ſweet
Aſcending faſt his raviſhed ſenſe regaled,
With ardour yet unfelt his boſom beat
The unknown object of his deſtined ſearch to meet.

VII.

Nor ſtaid he longer---but with upward ſpring
And outſpread plumes he vaults his courſe to trace.
Now, borne aloft, he ſoars on rapid wing,
And views expanded lovely nature's face:
Now, curious to inſpect each ſofter grace,
Hovering he hangs ſuſpended, and ſurveys
The many-tinted gems which earth enchaſe
While the gay ſun-beam on the dew-drop plays.
Hills, Dales, Woods, Streams unite to ſing their Maker's praiſe.

As

VIII.

As onward he purſued his airy way,
A far-extending Foreſt he ſurveyed,
Where interlacing boughs ſhut out the day,
And mantling formed a cloſe impervious ſhade;
Save where, amid the brakes, ſome opening Glade,
With path circuitous and wildly bending,
A brighter green and livelier tints diſplayed;
Now level, riſing now, and now deſcending,
From the contraſted gloom now borrowing charms, now lending.

IX.

As when, on ocean's heaving boſom toſt,
Hard-driving ſtorms the wandering Bark aſſail,
In vain to reach his diſtant long-fought coaſt
The anxious Mariner diſplays his ſail,
And tries to catch the kindly favouring gale,
Unleſs the myſtic Magnet oft he tries:
But, felt the powers attractive which avail
His courſe to guide, his ſteady veſſel flies,
And ſoon the welcome Port ſalutes his longing eyes.

Nor

X.

Nor leſs ſupremely potent or leſs ſure
Th' inſtinctive Monitor that ruled Love's ſoul;
His wandering courſe from error to ſecure,
It ſtill unvarying pointed to it's pole.
When as it's influence o'er his ſenſes ſtole
Prompting the Foreſt's deep receſs to try,
He bow'd obedient to the ſtrong controul;
Then, quick deſcending from his ſtation high,
Ruſhed on, reſolv'd to trace what myſtery there might lie.

XI.

O'er the enamell'd herbage and rich ſod
His light foot bounded: the gay flowret's head
Beneath his footſteps ſcarcely ſeemed to nod;
Half-preſs'd, it roſe from his aerial tread,
And round his courſe its grateful odour ſhed.
Thro' mingling ſweets he ſought his devious way;
Aloft, thick waving branches overſpread
And canopied his path; now ſhrouding day,
Now opening to admit the Sun's enlivening ray.

As

MISTAKE IN MARK.

XII.

As onward tript the inexperienced Boy,
Preſumptuous fancies filled his towering thought,
That here at length his arms he might employ,
His new-found arms, from heavenly regions brought.
Though ſtill occaſion fit in vain he ſought,
Yet, confident of ſkill, his bow he bent,
Stretched tight the ſtring, and the ſharp arrow caught;
Aimed at a branch with whizzing ſpeed it went,
But flitting on one ſide defeated his intent.

XIII.

Love diſappointed bluſhed with conſcious ſhame;
But, quickly ſnatching up the erring dart,
He tried again to take a ſurer aim,
Redeem his fault, and vindicate his art:
Again he ſuffers diſappointment's ſmart,
For ſtill more wide it's flight the arrow takes.
Vexation rankles in his ſwelling heart,
Pride mixed with anger in his boſom wakes,
And loſt to reaſon's ſway his luckleſs Arms he breaks.

XIV.

On the wide ſcatter'd fragments with diſdain
The wayward Boy his eye indignant glanced:
While o'er his mind imaginations vain
From headſtrong folly ſprung tumultuous danced,
Paſſion's unhallow'd touch his ſoul entranced,
Spreading her murky vapour. Through the glade
Stubborn and unreflecting he advanced;
Yet as with quick and troubled ſtep he ſtrayed,
An oft reverted look his deep diſtreſs betrayed.

XV.

And cauſe he ſurely had for much concern
And for compunction ſore. Unarmed, alone,
Where could the helpleſs Boy for comfort turn,
Or how repair the miſchief he had done?
Too proud as yet his raſh offence to own,
In borrowed ſmiles he cloath'd his diſcontent;
But vain th' attempt---his gaiety was flown,
Sad recollection poiſoned his intent,
And no approving thought it's aid conſoling lent.

Still

IN VEXATION BREAKS HIS BOW.

XVI.

Still did he ſaddening ſtray; and now the wood
Diſcloſed a verdant mead, diverging wide,
Through which, ſoft rolling its untroubled flood,
A pure pellucid ſtream rejoiced to glide.
O'er the ſmooth lawn, with hues enchanting dyed,
Looſe ſcattered trees diſplayed their various grace,
Waving their high boughs with becoming pride;
While, ſkirting all the vale, from turfy baſe
Slow riſing hills their bold and craggy outline trace.

XVII.

The mild majeſtic ſcene his ſenſes charmed;
And, as he view'd, his inly-labouring breaſt,
With placid joy and mute devotion warmed,
Regained ſome portion of its wonted reſt.
But conſcious ſhame forbad him to be bleſt:
Still as his eye the lovely landſcape croſſed,
Recurring thought his mad offence confeſſed;
The gladdening ſcene its fond attraction loſt,
And his diſtracted ſoul in floods of doubt was toſt.

XVIII.

But Beauty, ſpite of inward woe, will pleaſe,
And calm the troubled ſpirit. Mixed with pain
Such gentle bliſs Love felt, ſuch ſoothing eaſe,
That his aſpiring fancy once again
Beat high with hopes his object to attain:
When ſudden croſs his path diſporting flew,
Or ſeemed to fly, along the verdant plain,
An undefined form of ſanguine hue,
Which ſometimes ſeemed to court, ſometimes to ſhun his view.

XIX.

It's tapering point now lightly ſkimmed the ground,
Half-hid beneath the herbage; while above
Its broad unequal ſurface, ſmooth and round,
With ſhadowy wings diſplayed appeared to rove
Thro' all the varied windings of the grove.
Not far remote a kindred form was ſtraying,
Of equal power from place to place to move,
Yet for the other's near approach ne'er ſtaying,
But ſtill in different lines and ſeparate orbits playing.

As

MEETS A HEART.

## XX.

As when the Sportſman gay at early dawn
The untaught Pointer firſt eſſays to try,
Heedleſs he ſweeps the dew-drop from the lawn,
And wakes the morn with loud unmeaning cry;
But when, the Covey's haunt approaching nigh,
The powerful ſcent his nerve congenial feels,
He ſtops---he ſtands with foot extended high,
The inſtinctive impulſe o'er his ſenſes ſteals,
And all the inborn purpoſe of his race reveals.

## XXI.

Such, and ſo fervid, was the glad ſurprize
Of Love, when firſt the wandering Hearts he viewed.
By Inſtinct led he claimed them as his prize:
Where'er they flitting moved he quick purſued;
But ſtill their ſkittiſh bounds his graſp elude.
'Twas now, when turning round to ſeize his Bow,
He ſaw it ſcattered in confuſion rude,
That firſt he learned Contrition true to know,
To feel how great his loſs, how infinite his woe.

Dejected

XXII.

Dejected and forlorn to earth he bowed,
Confeſſed his error and his fault bewailed.
As his full heart the ſad ideas crowd,
With either hand his bluſhing cheeks he veiled;
Then with repentant tears high Heaven aſſailed,
Invoking meekly the indulgent power,
Who ne'er to aid the truly contrite failed,
Whoſe hand protects us in Affliction's hour,
When o'er our ſuffering ſouls dark threatening tempeſts lour.

XXIII.

Nor was his prayer for Mercy breathed in vain.
While ſtill in agonizing doubt he ſtood,
While goaded ſtill by harſh reflection's pain
And ſharp remembrance of rejected good
He wept his fooliſh haſte, a brilliant flood
Of heaven-deſcending ſplendor cheered his ſight:
With holy dread appeared to ſhake the wood;
A diſtant thunder rolled; and lightnings bright
Played thro' the unclouded ſky and ſhot their harmleſs light.

Love

WEEP. FOR THE LOS[illegible]

XXIV.

Love ſtood in tranſport fixed and ſilent awe.
He hoped for pardon, and he looked for aid,
When, thro' the trackleſs fields of air, he ſaw
Two Dove-like forms, in ſnow-white plumes arrayed,
Their fanning pinions to the winds diſplayed,
Towards him their courſe direct. Approaching nigh
Above his head a circling flight they made:
To earth now wantonly they ſeemed to fly,
And now with rapid force to court their native ſky.

XXV.

But what was Love's delight, his joy how vaſt,
When, as each winged meſſenger deſcended,
When as with chaſten'd courſe he near him paſſed,
Or quivering hung as if his flight were ended,
To ſee from each in airy gripe ſuſpended
A Dart and Bow? His eyes new joy expreſſed,
And ſpoke the tranſports which his heart diſtended;
Extatic dreams his eager fancy bleſſed
Of triumphs doom'd to grace his high predeſtined queſt.

The

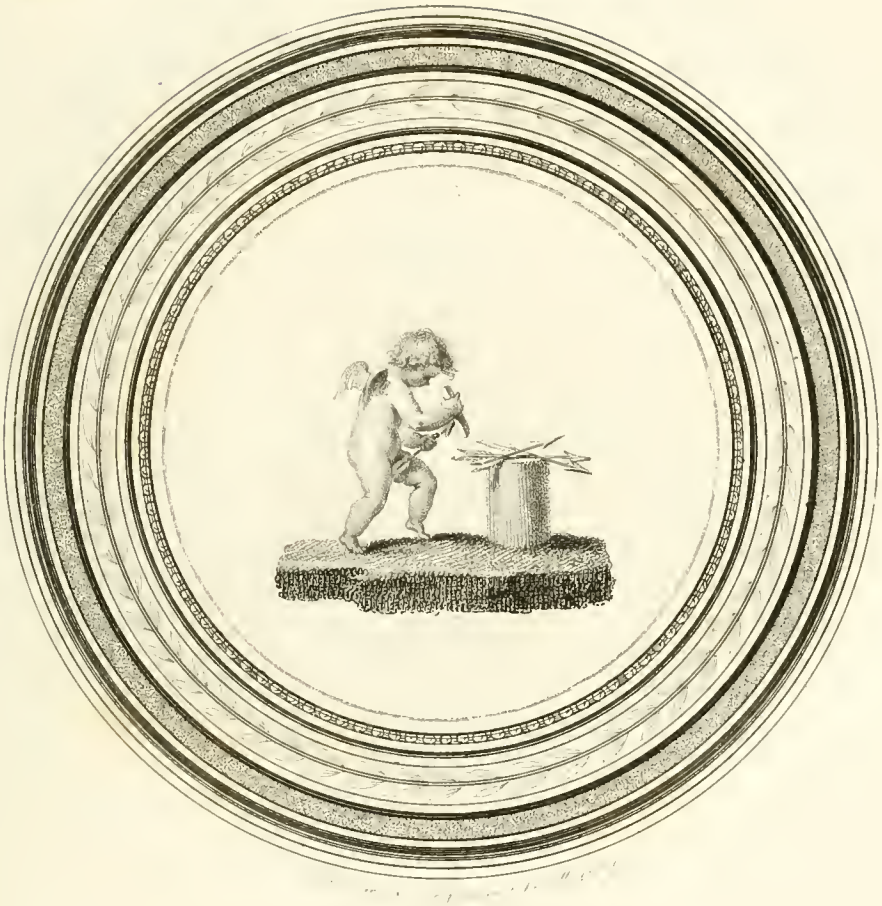
XXVI.

The Doves, now gently ſinking to the ground,
In humble guiſe to Love their homage pay;
And, as with fluttering wing they hover round,
Before his feet his Arms Reſtored they lay.
With ſmiles, than opening ſpring more ſweet and gay,
He thank'd the lovely bearers: then with pride
Caught up his Arms. Impatient to aſſay
Their potent force, his Arrow's point he tried,
And to his yielding Bow the well-ſtretched Cord applied.

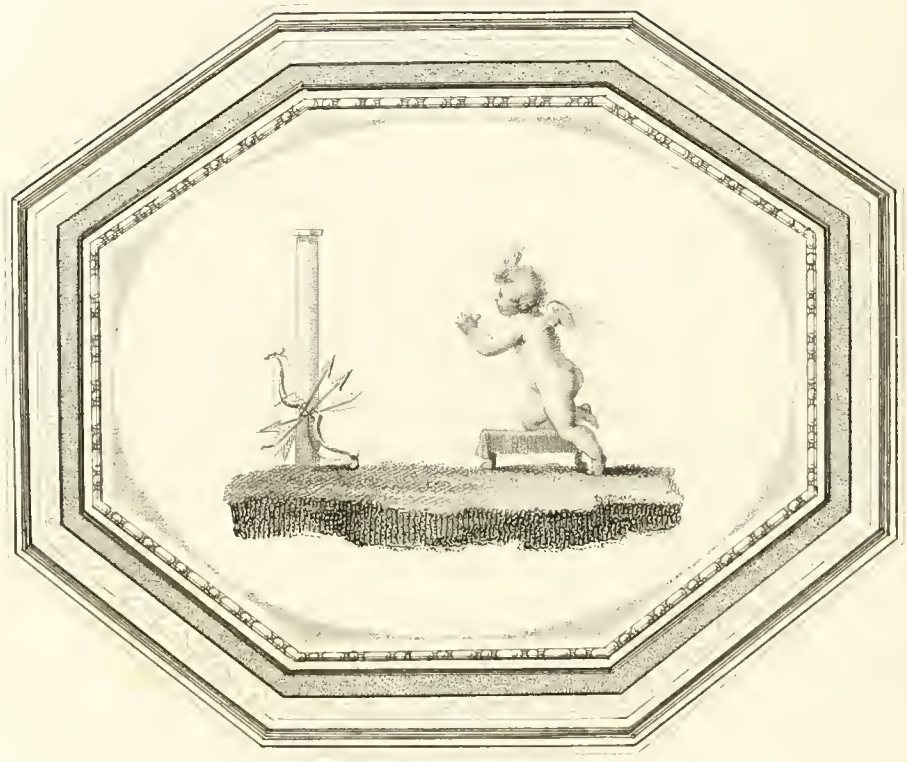
XXVII.

Thus, when by driving ſtorms or foul neglect,
On ſome concealed rock or unknown ſand
The richly laden Ship is nearly wreck'd,
Aghaſt with fear the mariners all ſtand;
But if, when righted by the maſter's hand,
Some friendly Port ſhe chances to attain,
Her wrongs repaired and all her timbers ſcanned,
Boldly ſhe ventures on her courſe again,
Spreads her extended ſails, and proudly cuts the main.

To



SHARPENING HIS ARROWS.



PATERNSI PHASE.

## XXVIII.

To Heaven his warm thankſgiving duly paid,
For action Love prepared. Aſcending high
With rapid pinion, thro' each winding glade,
And o'er the ſpreading plain he turned his eye,
Searching if there the wandering Hearts might lie.
His doubtful glances long in vain he caſt,
Long heaved his boſom with an anxious ſigh;
At length, far diſtant and receding faſt,
He ſpied their flitting forms, as o'er the mead they paſſed.

## XXIX.

Towards them with eager haſte his flight he bends,
And fondly hopes to ſeize his new-found prey;
But when, as near approaching them he tends,
Mocking his toils, the Hearts in wanton play
With ſtill ſuperior ſwiftneſs glide away,
As if reſolved his purpoſe to defeat.
But nought avails his fixed purſuit to ſtay;
Boldly he ſtill expands his pinions fleet,
T' o'erpaſs their airy courſe, and ſtop their coy retreat.

XXX.

Long doubtful was the ſtrife---for many a mile,
O'er hill, o'er dale, the Boy maintains the chace;
Yet ſtill the Hearts his expectation foil:
And, as he urges the uncertain race,
With doubled ſpeed his efforts they diſgrace.
But now the chearful Landſcape ſeemed to change:
The long-drawn Vale to rugged Rocks gave place,
Which, ſcattered wildly with confuſed range,
From antic baſe aroſe with ſummits bare and ſtrange.

XXXI.

High towering far beyond his wild compeers,
With browner horror cloathed, more rudely bold,
His inſulated bulk a Mountain rears,
Proud o'er ſubjected hills his ſway to hold,
In ſullen ſtate and domination cold.
This Rock, the Hill of Difficulty hight,
The all-refreſhing ſun-beam ne'er conſoled;
In icy chains and ſnows eternal dight,
It frowned with ſavage front and dread ſtupendous height.

Still

## XXXII.

Still more it's ſtate ſequeſtered to ſecure,
Around it's baſe far ſpread Moraſſes deep
Foul-mantling ſtagnate. From their ſource impure
Thick noiſome exhalations mount the ſteep,
And towards it's craggy ſummit circling creep,
Thro' which each precipice more rueful ſhewed;
While, from the long-collected vapour, weep
Unceaſing ſhowers, waſhing the drear abode
Where lurk the Adder vile and ſolitary Toad.

## XXXIII.

It was a place where Joy could never beam,
Where never calm Contentedneſs could dwell;
For all the woes that fancy e'er could dream,
And all the horrors of imagined Hell,
Were here in colours ſtrong depictured well.
The dire contagion tainted wide the air,
Binding the ſenſes in mephitic ſpell;
Shrouded in which, his engines to prepare
To catch his luckleſs prey, ſat brooding grim Deſpair.

XXXIV.

When, as intent his object to purſue,
At diſtance firſt young Love the Rock ſurveyed.
Its horrid grandeur his attention drew.
His flight awhile unconſciouſly he ſtayed,
While o'er the ſcene his eye aſtoniſhed ſtrayed:
But when the deep moraſs and vapoury gloom
Emitting fetid ſteams his ſenſe diſmayed,
Appall'd and faint he dropped his ruffled plume,
Unable to proceed, or his fond chace reſume.

XXXV.

Not ſo the vigorous Hearts: their rapid flight
Nor ever-during fog, nor pool profound,
Nor the foul ſtench which thence aroſe, could fright.
Uncheck'd by all the prodigies around,
Upward they nimbly riſe with wanton bound,
Nor ſtop they till the ſummit they achieve.
When his predeſtined prey eſcaped Love found,
He 'gan in mute deſpair his loſs to grieve,
While guſhing floods of tears his throbbing breaſt relieve.

Ah

## XXXVI.

Ah luckleſs Boy! how feeble yet thy ſkill
Thro' all it's range thy object to purſue!
How little know'ſt thou the capricious will
Of coy retiring Beauty to ſubdue!
Bold, when no obſtacles impede thy view,
Abaſhed, when round thee difficulties ſtart,
Th' haſt yet from ſufferings, from experience true,
And diſappointment harſh, to learn the art
Which crowns our toils with bliſs, and melts the ſtubborn heart.

## XXXVII.

The firſt effuſion of his ſorrows paſt,
Love turned again to view the ſteep aſcent.
On the high cliff full many a look he caſt,
And towards his prey full many a ſigh he ſent,
Sighs, which with anguiſh ſharp his boſom rent:
More fully then the mountain to explore,
On every ſide his careful ſtep he bent;
The anxious ſearch increaſed his pain yet more,
For all was wild, abrupt, precipitous and hoar.

Again

XXXVIII.

Again to pierce the horrid gloom he tries,
And with aſpiring flight his prize to ſeize.
But wayward fate again ſucceſs denies:
The exhalations cold his pinions freeze,
And damp enſhrouding vapours check the breeze.
As from the noxious pool they mounting roll.
Deſponding Love no conſolation ſees;
No expectations cheer his labouring ſoul,
No fondly promiſed joys Deſpair's approach controul.

XXXIX.

The foul contagion now pervades his heart;
His moody breaſt dark felon thoughts obſcure:
With deſperate hand he catches up his dart,
Reſolved the racking pain no more to endure.
And now uplifted with intent impure
He held it poiſed, when, thro' the ſky profound,
With rapid wing and deſtination ſure,
A bright ſeraphic viſion ſought the ground,
And heavenly ſounds were heard, and ſplendors ſhone around.

Her

TURN AWAY IN DISDAIN.

MEETS WITH HOPE.

XL.

Her pinions quivered as to earth ſhe flew;
And, as her outſpread garments waved in air,
O'er nature's ſurface perfumes rich ſhe threw,
Than all Arabia's vaunted ſtores more rare.
Diſporting in the wind her golden hair
Her lovely face now ſhadowed, now diſplayed;
And in her hand ſhe bore with ſeemly care
An Anchor broad, of heavenly ſubſtance made,
Whoſe cord diffuſive hung, and with the Zephyr played.

XLI.

'Twas Hope, kind charmer of the troubled mind;
Whoſe foſtering hand the ſoul oppreſſed befriends,
From whom the ſuffering wretch can ſuccour find,
When with his proſpects dark ſhe brightneſs blends.
Towards Love her courſe the blooming Seraph bends;
With genial ſmiles ſhe ſooths his cares to reſt;
And, while in wonder loſt he mute attends,
New ardour fills his deeply conſcious breaſt.
Hope joyous ſaw the effect, and thus the Boy addreſſed.

" Whence

XLII.

" Whence comes this weakneſs? whence this diſcontent?
" Think'ſt thou, raſh Boy! thy weapon's point can harm
" Thy frame ætherial, that with mad intent
" Againſt thyſelf thy hand thou dareſt to arm?
" No more let doubts thy troubled breaſt alarm.
" Honour's bright trophy ne'er can be attained,
" Ne'er can the ſoul-tranſporting plaudits charm
" For proud achievement won or meed obtained,
" Unleſs the guerdon high by previous toil be gained.

XLIII.

" And doſt thou then in ſullen ſadneſs droop,
" 'Cauſe adverſe clouds thy livelier proſpect ſhade?
" And does thy ſinking ſpirit baſely ſtoop,
" If thy fond object by miſchance be ſtayed?
" Again let conſtancy thy mind pervade:
" Again prepare thy great attempt to make.
" From Heaven I come thy purpoſe weak to aid.
" Then ceaſe to weep, to manly deeds awake,
" Reſume thy fallen Bow, thy proſtrate Arrow take."

She

XLIV.

She ſaid:---His cheeks with conſcious ſhame ſuffuſed,
His voice oppreſſed and low, the Boy replied:
" Ah! ſpare to chide a ſpirit ſelf-accuſed,
" Which from itſelf its weakneſs ſeeks to hide.
" Be thou my kind protectreſs and my guide:
" I follow whereſoe'er thou lead'ſt.---But ſay,
" How may my pinions, baffled erſt, abide
" The Vapour's force, or cut their eager way
" Thro' yon oppreſſive gloom, that veils the face of day?"

XLV.

" The Vapour foul," replied the Seraph bright,
" Infects 'tis true the craggy mountain's Baſe,
" And the thick Gloom which intercepts thy ſight
" O'er the Mid region has uſurped a place;
" But ſee, beyond, attired in airy grace,
" Splendid and gay the Rock it's Summit rears.
" Thro' the thin void its varied beauties trace;
" Mark how the wanton Hearts deride thy tears,
" Mock at thy weak deſpair, and profit by thy fears.

XLVI.

" I ſee thee burn thine error to retrieve
" By worthy deeds. Indulge the impulſe pure.
" Celeſtial Boy! this Anchor firm receive,
" Of potent force thy wounded mind to cure.
" 'Tis Perſeverance, Hope's attendant ſure,
" Whoſe well-directed efforts beſt avail
" Succeſs in toils and perils to procure.
" Then boldly mount aloft: Love ne'er can fail,
" When Perſeverance aids, and Hope directs the gale."

XLVII.

Scarce had ſhe ended, when the raptured Boy
From Hope the mighty boon impatient caught,
Its ſovereign influence eager to employ.
And now already his aſpiring thought
The proud completion of his labours ſought:
Graſping the Anchor faſt his plumes he ſpreads,
And thro' the region with contagion fraught
Intrepid ſoars: while Hope her radiance ſheds,
No circling fog he fears, no gloom oppreſſive dreads.

When

A SCENE ON THE HILL WITH HOPE.

XLVIII.

When as his drooping wing, with labour ſpent,
Menaced the purpoſe of his flight to foil,
Immortal Hope her favouring ſuccour lent,
And cheer'd his doubtful labours with a ſmile.
Well could her looks benign his pains beguile.
And Perſeverance, ſtill intent to riſe,
Rejoiced to view his half-accompliſhed toil,
And with new vigour pointed to his prize.
Love ſoon ſurmounts the Gloom, and now thro' Æther flies.

XLIX.

Nor ceaſed his bold career, 'till to the height
Where ſtood the vagrant Hearts he mounting roſe.
With grateful joy he hailed the auſpicious ſight:
And now with generous warmth his boſom glows,
As thro' each vein the increaſing ardour flows.
" Kind Hope!" he cried, " now grant thy ſuccour due;
" Inſpired by thee no fear thy votary knows!"
Nor more.---With graceful force his Bow he drew,
And from the twanging Cord his barbed Arrow flew.

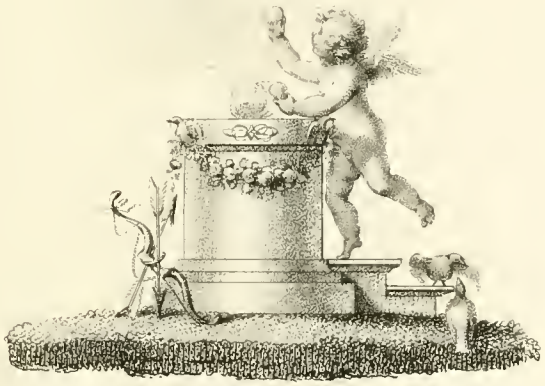
L.

Quick as the glancing lightning went the Dart,
While Love in mute ſuſpence it's courſe purſued.
But who can tell his joy, when either Heart
At once transfixed his certain prize he viewed?
Vanquiſhed, no more their coy attempts elude
His anxious chace. He holds them as his own.
And now, his thanks ſincere to Hope renewed,
For favours great conferred and mercies ſhewn
His homage due he pays to Heaven's exalted Throne.

LI.

On the broad height, with artleſs foliage graced,
His ready hand an Altar ſoon diſpoſed,
On which the captive Hearts he careful placed.
No bloody feaſts his ſacrifice compoſed;
But fragrant herbs and incenſe pure impoſed,
With odours ſweet impregnating the gales,
The ſtrong devotion of his ſoul diſcloſed.
While the propitious rite ſhe ſmiling hails,
Hope to his raptured eyes futurity unveils.

"Oh



OFFERING OF THE HEART.

LII.

" Oh Cherub! born the Univerſe to bleſs,
" To guide it's laws, and harmonize its courſe,
" Revolving ages ſhall thy power confeſs,
" Bow to thy ſway ſupreme, and own the force
" Of thee, the cauſe of joy and pleaſure's ſource.
" Millions of willing ſlaves thy court ſhall throng,
" Unchecked by guilty fear or foul remorſe,
" Midſt new delights to boaſt thy influence ſtrong,
" And to Eternal Love to raiſe the grateful Song.

LIII.

" Yet, tho' where nature holds her ſimple reign,
" No power uſurping ſhall thy law confuſe,
" Think not that when, with innovations vain,
" Society her ſway ſhall introduce,
" And full-grown Paſſions ſhall the world abuſe,
" No adverſe toils thy efforts ſhall obſtruct.
" Then wild Philoſophy ſhall ſeek t'amuſe
" The enfeebled ſoul, and confident inſtruct
" With Sophiſms dark and falſe, from Hell's deep caverns plucked.

" Ah

LIV.

" Ah luckleſs Man! condemned to countleſs woes,
" Ah! why inſenſate wilt thou quit the joy,
" The tranquil pleaſure, which from virtue flows,
" In dreams of fancied bliſs thy mind t'employ,
" Which idly flattering court but to deſtroy?
" See---to another Love they Altars raiſe;
" And, while around confuſedly they toy,
" On the foul flame with maddening zeal they gaze,
" And with promiſcuous voice the vile Impoſtor praiſe.

LV.

" And ſtrange fantaſtic tricks that Boy ſhall play,
" While to his rule the groveling herds ſubmit.
" Beauty to bleared Deformity ſhall pay
" A deference baſe and homage moſt unfit;
" And to broad-ſtaring Folly, Senſe and Wit,
" Compelled by harſh injunction, ſhall be ſold.
" Well may Content the genial couch then quit,
" When charms and worth are trucked for ſordid gold,
" And Youth is doomed to freeze in Age's boſom cold.

" But

UNITING THE HEART

LVI.

" But fear not thou---Thy Empire ſhall endure:
" And, tho' the Impoſtor's arts may ſtill ſucceed
" To extend his impious ſway o'er hearts impure,
" Be thine the taſk t' inſpire the virtuous deed,
" To warm the generous breaſt to gain the meed
" And the rich trophy which, ere time was known,
" For high deſert the ſovereign voice decreed.
" But chiefly Albion's realm thy power ſhall own,
" There thy dominion plant, there firmly fix thy throne.

LVII.

" 'Tis there, where Reaſon's torch ſhall brightly flame,
" And Freedom ſpread her genial radiance wide
" To bleſs her ſons with happineſs and fame:
" 'Tis there thou ſhalt in majeſty reſide,
" And o'er the feeling breaſt ſupreme preſide.
" There, if Corruption rear her hateful head,
" From time to time, to check the envenomed tide,
" Propitious aid thy favouring hand ſhall ſhed,
" And o'er thy loved domain thy cheering influence ſpread.

" For

LVIII.

" For this with care preſerve the Hearts thy prize,
" Whoſe conqueſt well has now repaid thy pain;
" With them triumphantly to Heaven ariſe:
" There to remoter times ſhall they remain;
" Till, when thy rival's curſed arts ſhall gain
" Aſcendance brief, and Vice ſhall dauntleſs rove,
" For Virtue's aid to Britain ſent again,
" On her high Throne examples ſhall they prove
" Of pure unblemiſhed faith, of conſtancy and love.

LIX.

" Long ſhall they flouriſh, long with gentle ſway
" O'er Britons bleſt ſhall laſt their mild command.
" Around, their Offspring in ſuperb array,
" Their country's future hope and pride, ſhall ſtand.
" Of theſe a lovely Fair, with ſkilful hand,
" And touch ſublime, thy proweſs ſhall record.
" When the great ſubject ſhall by Her be planned,
" The world enchanted ſhall behold it's Lord
" Pourtrayed with native grace, with all his charms reſtored."

Entranced,

PREPARING FOR TRIUMPH.

LX.

Entranc[illegible]ve heard the Seraph's cheering voice.
Still hung its ſound upon his liſtening ear,
Still did the viſion bright his ſoul rejoice,
When, gliding thro' the air ſerene, appear
His conſtant Doves. A Chariot proud they bear,
Which o'er ſubjected clouds reſplendent rolled,
Of heavenly ſubſtance formed. Approaching near
It's varied beauties by degrees unfold,
It's rich pellucid gems and highly poliſhed gold.

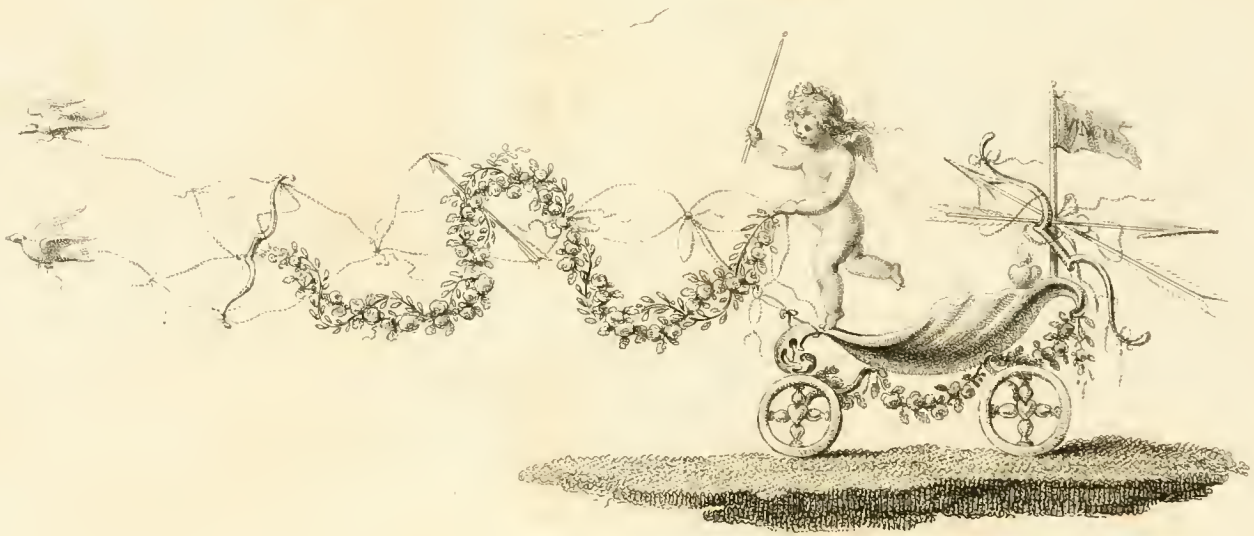
LXI.

As the machine ſublime Love viewed afar,
His throbbing breaſt with unknown tranſport beat.
Up-ſtarting quick, the gay triumphal car
With pinion wide out-ſtretched he flew to meet,
Rejoiced again his faithful Doves to greet.
Straight piled he up his Arms in trim array,
And placed his Hearts on the high Chariot's ſeat:
Hope ſmiling ſpread her wings, and led the way
To realms of endleſs bliſs and empyrean day.

## LXII.

And now victorious Love the World forſook.
Yet, as thro' Æther's fields his courſe he bent,
Towards his loved Planet a departing look,
And an unconſcious ſigh he fondly ſent.
But ſoon regret gave way to pure content:
For now the gates of Heaven far beaming ſhone,
Now thro' Angelic Hoſts he joyful went,
His Queſt performed, his high Achievement won,
To lay his glorious Prize before th' Eternal Throne.

FINIS.



TRIUMPHANT.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
305 De Neve Drive - Parking Lot 17 • Box 951388
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90095-1388
Return this material to the library from which it was borrowed.

QL OCT 0 2 2001

F

*PR
4271
B31t